CRIME SMASHERS

THE LAW ALWAYS WINS!

APR. No. 4
10¢



featuring:

SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!

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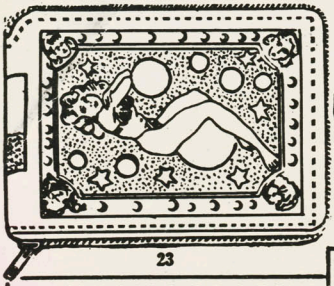


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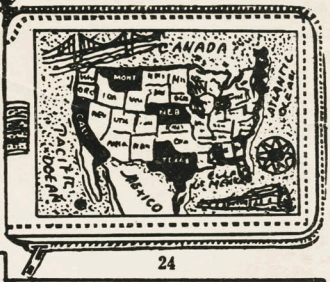


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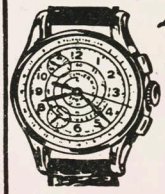


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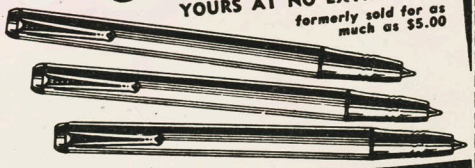
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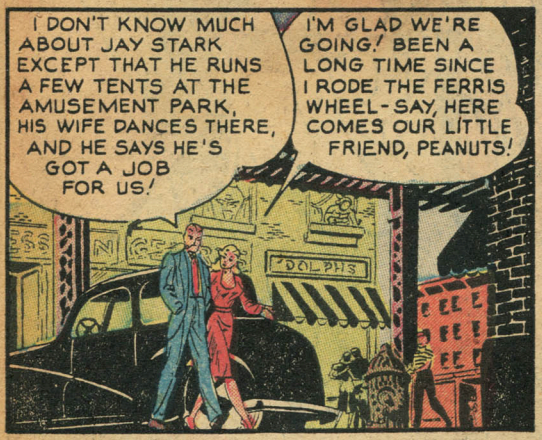
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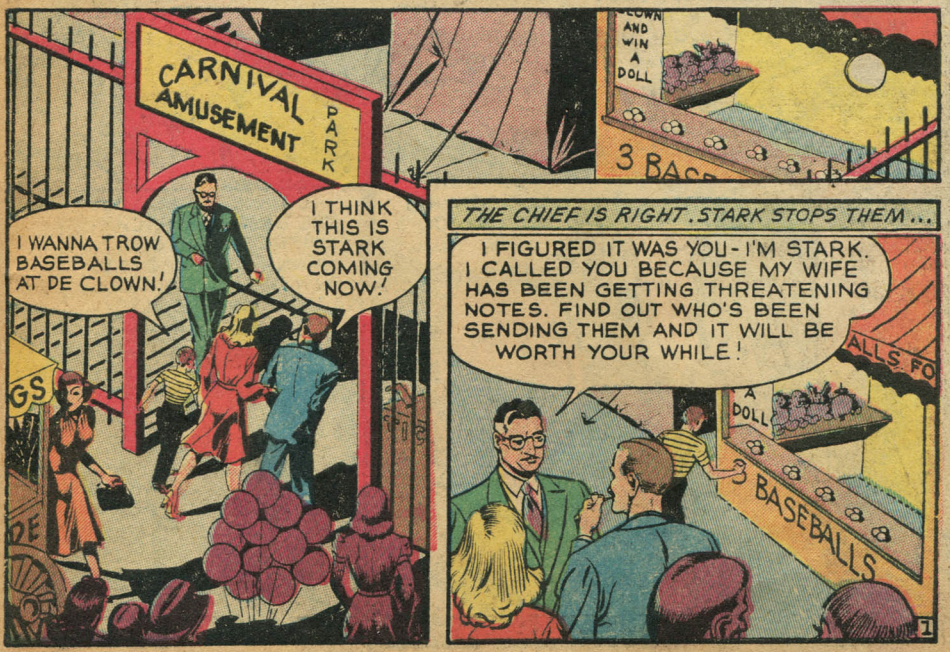
SALLY the SLEUTH

by JERRY ALTMAN

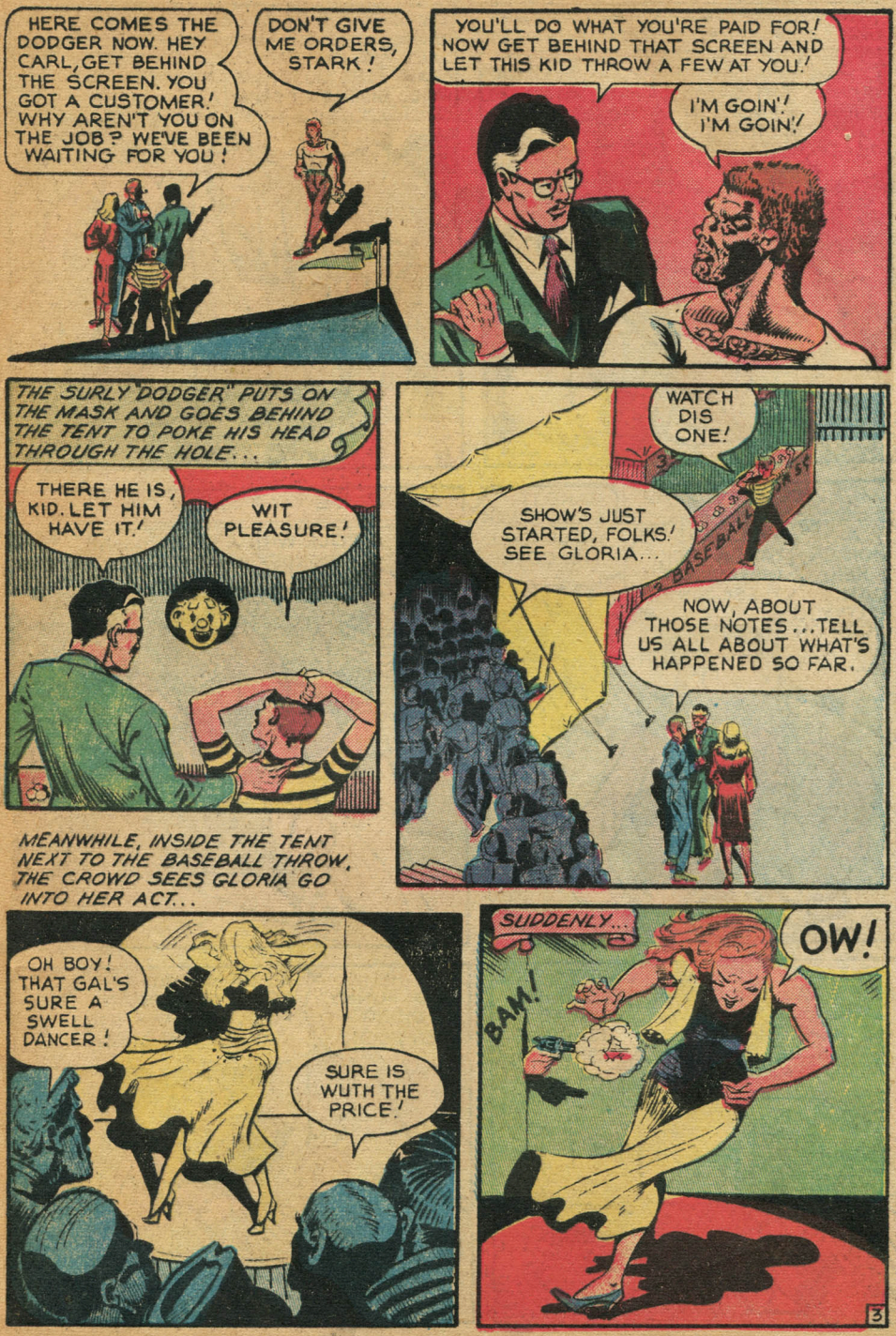
WHEN SALLY AND HER BOSS-"THE CHIEF", ANSWER A CALL FROM JAY STARK, OPERATOR OF CONCESSIONS AT THE CARNIVAL AMUSEMENT PARK, THEY HURRY TO THE GAY SPOT TO MEET THE CHALLENGE OF CRIME IN THE CASE OF "THE CARNIVAL MURDER"

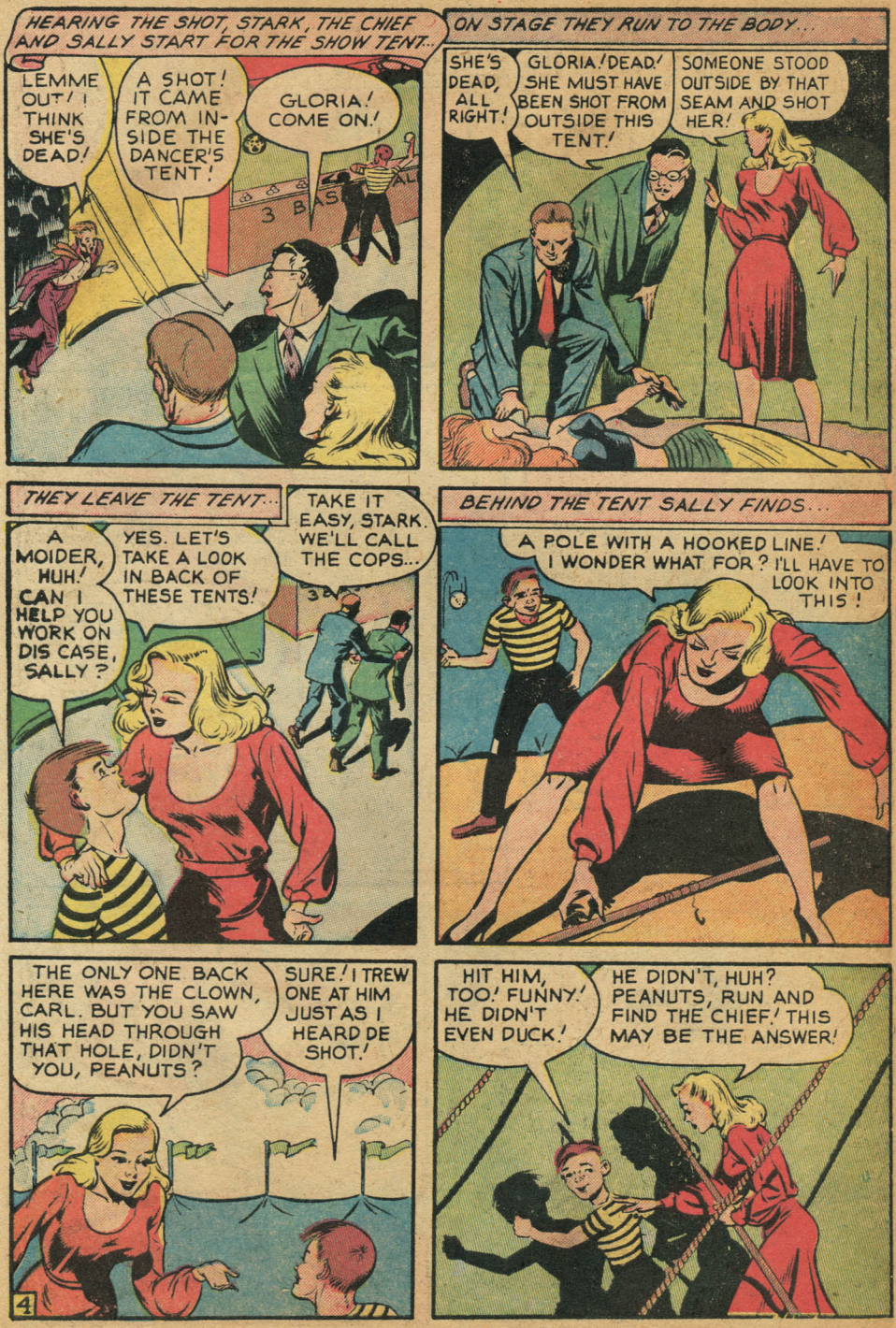


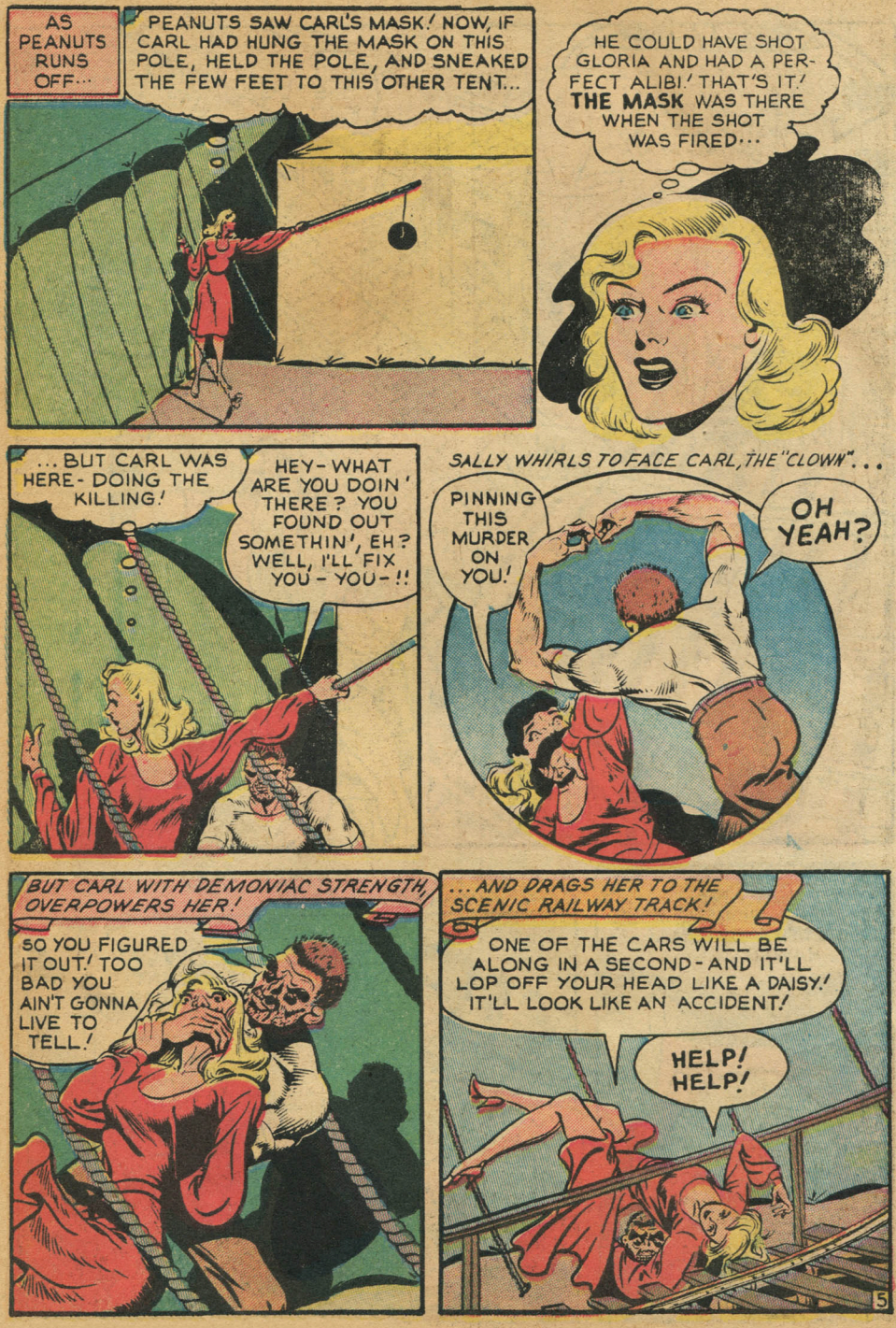


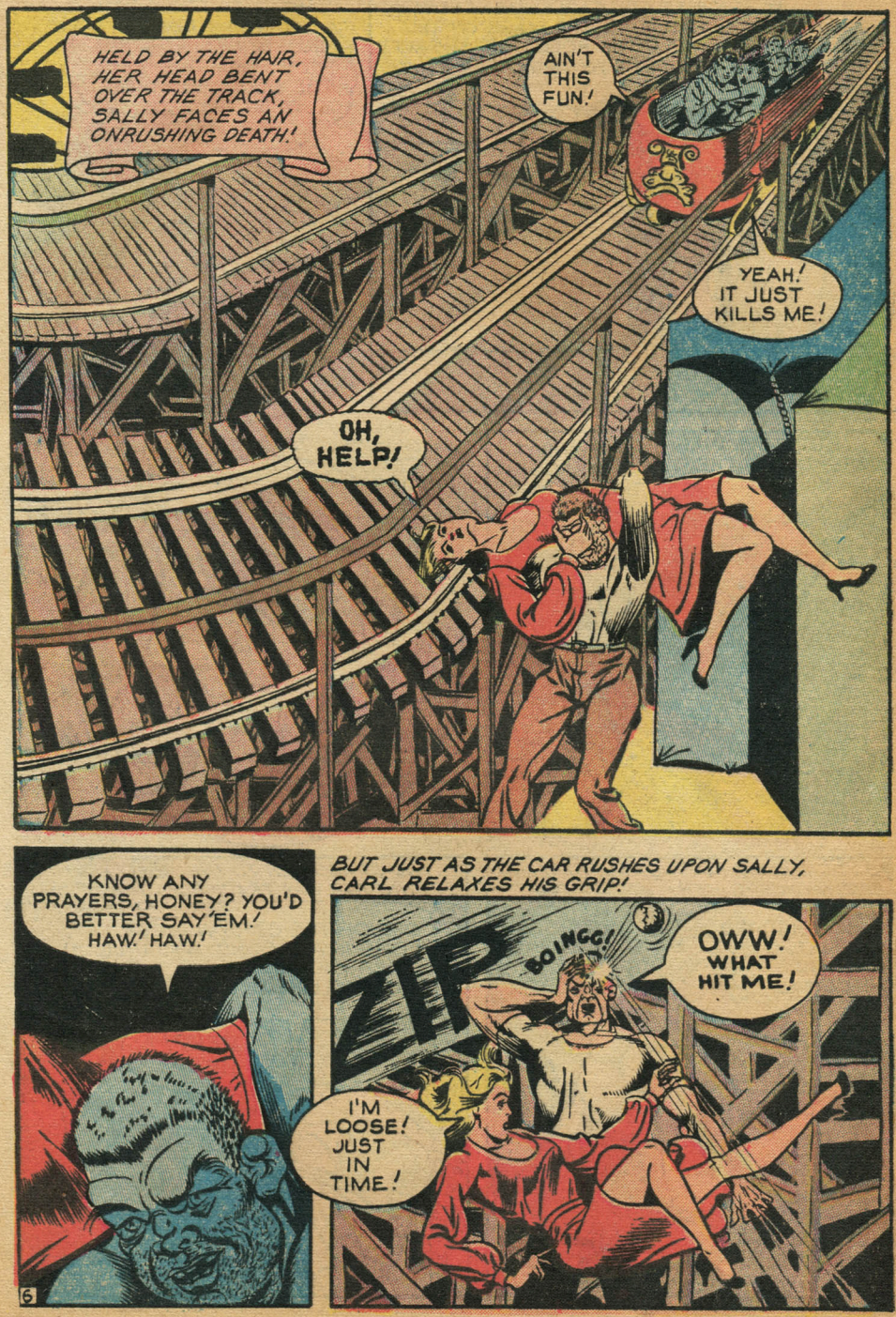


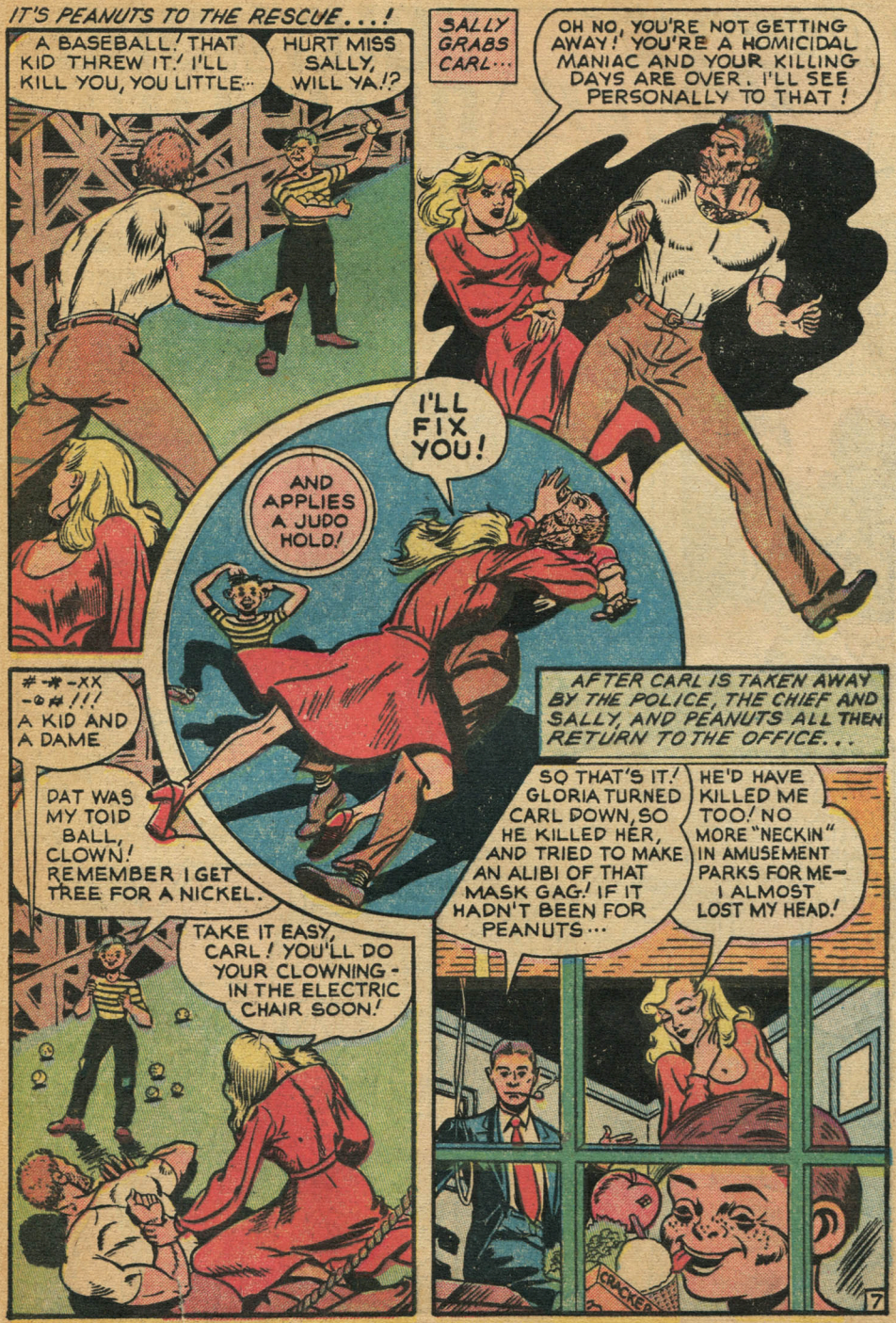

THE NOTES HAVE GLORIA HALF NUTS! THEY TELL ME YOU'RE A GOOD SHAMUS ON THIS KIND OF A PITCH!
THE COPS ARE PRETTY GOOD, TOO WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL THEM?
HURRY-HURRY-HURRY, FOLKS, SEE GLORIA, THE FLAME DANCER! ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL SEE ON THE INSIDE! SHE TWISTS, SHE TURNS, SHE WIGGLES, AND THE SHOW'S JUST STARTING, SO HURRY···
COPS? I THOUGHT OF THAT, BUT IF THEY COME AROUND, THEY MIGHT SCARE THE GUILTY PARTY AWAY. I'D RATHER HAVE A PRIVATE EYE WORK ON THIS AND CLEAR IT UP.
ALL RIGHT. I'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.
HEY, MISTER, YOU RUN THE BASEBALL PITCH? WHERE'S DE CLOWN? I WANNA BEAN HIM AND WIN ONE O' DEM DOLLS FOR MISS SALLY!
AW, WAIT A MINUTE, KID. TAKE IT EASY. THE CLOWN WILL BE RIGHT BACK.


HERE COMES THE DODGER NOW. HEY CARL, GET BEHIND THE SCREEN. YOU GOT A CUSTOMER! WHY AREN'T YOU ON THE JOB? WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS, STARK!
YOU'LL DO WHAT YOU'RE PAID FOR! NOW GET BEHIND THAT SCREEN AND LET THIS KID THROW A FEW AT YOU!
I'M GOIN'! I'M GOIN'!
THE SURLY "DODGER" PUTS ON THE MASK AND GOES BEHIND THE TENT TO POKE HIS HEAD THROUGH THE HOLE...
THERE HE IS, KID. LET HIM HAVE IT!
WIT PLEASURE!
WATCH DIS ONE!
SHOW'S JUST STARTED, FOLKS! SEE GLORIA...
BASEBALL THROW
NOW, ABOUT THOSE NOTES...TELL US ALL ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR.
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE TENT NEXT TO THE BASEBALL THROW, THE CROWD SEES GLORIA GO INTO HER ACT...
OH BOY! THAT GAL'S SURE A SWELL DANCER!
SURE IS WUTH THE PRICE!
SUDDENLY...
OW!
BAM!
3


HEARING THE SHOT, STARK, THE CHIEF AND SALLY START FOR THE SHOW TENT..
LEMME OUT! I THINK SHE'S DEAD!
A SHOT! IT CAME FROM INSIDE THE DANCER'S TENT!
GLORIA! COME ON!
ON STAGE THEY RUN TO THE BODY...
SHE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!
GLORIA! DEAD! SHE MUST HAVE BEEN SHOT FROM OUTSIDE THIS TENT!
SOMEONE STOOD OUTSIDE BY THAT SEAM AND SHOT HER!
THEY LEAVE THE TENT...
A MOIDER, HUH! CAN I HELP YOU WORK ON DIS CASE, SALLY?
YES. LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN BACK OF THESE TENTS!
TAKE IT EASY, STARK. WE'LL CALL THE COPS...
BEHIND THE TENT SALLY FINDS...
A POLE WITH A HOOKED LINE! I WONDER WHAT FOR? I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS!
THE ONLY ONE BACK HERE WAS THE CLOWN, CARL. BUT YOU SAW HIS HEAD THROUGH THAT HOLE, DIDN'T YOU, PEANUTS?
SURE! I TREW ONE AT HIM JUST AS I HEARD DE SHOT!
HIT HIM, TOO! FUNNY! HE DIDN'T EVEN DUCK!
HE DIDN'T, HUH? PEANUTS, RUN AND FIND THE CHIEF! THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER!
4


AS PEANUTS RUNS OFF...
PEANUTS SAW CARL'S MASK! NOW, IF CARL HAD HUNG THE MASK ON THIS POLE, HELD THE POLE, AND SNEAKED THE FEW FEET TO THIS OTHER TENT...
HE COULD HAVE SHOT GLORIA AND HAD A PERFECT ALIBI! THAT'S IT! THE MASK WAS THERE WHEN THE SHOT WAS FIRED...
...BUT CARL WAS HERE - DOING THE KILLING!
HEY - WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THERE? YOU FOUND OUT SOMETHIN', EH? WELL, I'LL FIX YOU - YOU - !!
SALLY WHIRLS TO FACE CARL, THE "CLOWN"...
PINNING THIS MURDER ON YOU!
OH YEAH?
BUT CARL WITH DEMONIAC STRENGTH, OVERPOWERS HER!
SO YOU FIGURED IT OUT! TOO BAD YOU AIN'T GONNA LIVE TO TELL!
...AND DRAGS HER TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY TRACK!
ONE OF THE CARS WILL BE ALONG IN A SECOND - AND IT'LL LOP OFF YOUR HEAD LIKE A DAISY! IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!
HELP! HELP!
5


HELD BY THE HAIR, HER HEAD BENT OVER THE TRACK, SALLY FACES AN ONRUSHING DEATH!
AIN'T THIS FUN!
YEAH! IT JUST KILLS ME!
OH, HELP!
KNOW ANY PRAYERS, HONEY? YOU'D BETTER SAY 'EM! HAW! HAW!
BUT JUST AS THE CAR RUSHES UPON SALLY, CARL RELAXES HIS GRIP!
ZIP
BOINGG!
OWW! WHAT HIT ME!
I'M LOOSE! JUST IN TIME!
6


IT'S PEANUTS TO THE RESCUE...!
A BASEBALL! THAT KID THREW IT! I'LL KILL YOU, YOU LITTLE...
HURT MISS SALLY, WILL YA!?
SALLY GRABS CARL...
OH NO, YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY! YOU'RE A HOMICIDAL MANIAC AND YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER. I'LL SEE PERSONALLY TO THAT!
I'LL FIX YOU!
AND APPLIES A JUDO HOLD!
#-*-XX -@#!!!
A KID AND A DAME
DAT WAS MY TOID BALL, CLOWN! REMEMBER I GET TREE FOR A NICKEL.
TAKE IT EASY, CARL! YOU'LL DO YOUR CLOWNING - IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR SOON!
AFTER CARL IS TAKEN AWAY BY THE POLICE, THE CHIEF AND SALLY, AND PEANUTS ALL THEN RETURN TO THE OFFICE...
SO THAT'S IT! GLORIA TURNED CARL DOWN, SO HE KILLED HER, AND TRIED TO MAKE AN ALIBI OF THAT MASK GAG! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR PEANUTS...
HE'D HAVE KILLED ME TOO! NO MORE "NECKIN" IN AMUSEMENT PARKS FOR ME— I ALMOST LOST MY HEAD!
CRACKER
7

DAN TURNER HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

"MAKE-UP FOR MURDER"

by Robert L. Bellem & Robert McCarty




LATER, IN MAKE-UP MAN PREEN'S OFFICE AT INTER-WORLD STUDIOS...
HERE YOU ARE, LEO.
HAWKSHAW, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!
LET ME WATCH THE BIG MURDER SCENE AND WE'LL CALL IT SQUARE, I HEAR THERE'LL BE LOTS OF GORGEOUS GALS ON THE SET.
IT'S A DEAL. LET'S GO.
PREEN TAKES TURNER TO A CATWALK OVERLOOKING A ROOFTOP SET ON A BIG STUDIO SOUND STAGE AT INTER-WORLD PICTURES...
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE ROOF OF A BURLEYCUE THEATRE WITH THE DANCERS AND CHORINES TAKING A SUN-BATH BETWEEN SHOWS.
YOU SURE HAVE A SWELL-LOOKING FLOCK OF DOLLS IN THIS PRODUCTION.
2


PRESENTLY, THE SCENE BEGINS AS CHARACTER ACTOR ED BYRNE RUSHES ONTO THE ROOF...
NO - DON'T KILL ME!!
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SCRIPT, ED BYRNE IS PURSUED BY SARA LEMOINE ENACTING A JILTED DANCER...
STAND STILL AND DIE LIKE A MAN, YOU RAT! YOUR TIME HAS COME. THIS IS THE PAY-OFF!
SARA FIRES A BLANK CARTRIDGE AND BYRNE FALLS REALISTICALLY AS THE CHORUS GIRLS SQUEAL IN SURPRISE AND FEAR...
ARRGH!
KA-CHOW!
EEK!
DIRECTOR BILL BARLOWE CALLS A COMMAND...
CUT! OKAY, WE'LL PRINT THAT. NOW I WANT LEO PREEN TO PAINT A BULLET HOLE ON BYRNE'S FOREHEAD FOR A CLOSE-UP!
TURNER WATCHES AS PREEN DOES HIS STUFF...
MAKE IT SNAPPY, STUPID.
OH, SHUT UP! I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU A REAL BULLET HOLE INSTEAD OF A FAKE.
3


WHILE THE NEXT SHOT IS BEING LINED UP, TURNER SPEAKS CASUALLY TO SARA LEMOINE...
HI, SUGAR, LOOKS LIKE LEO PREEN HASN'T MUCH USE FOR THE BYRNE GUY.
SHUCKS, SHERLOCK, EVERYBODY HATES ED BYRNE. HIS UNCLE OWNS CONTROLLING INTEREST IN THE STUDIO AND ED WILL INHERIT IT SOME DAY. HE'S ALWAYS THROWING HIS WEIGHT AROUND, MAKING TROUBLE FOR THE REST OF US.
THE CAMERA GRINDS SOME CLOSE-UP FOOTAGE OF BYRNE AS A CORPSE...
THAT'S ENOUGH. CUT. YOU CAN GET UP NOW, BYRNE.
HEY, BYRNE--MR. BARLOWE SAID YOU COULD GET UP. YOU ASLEEP OR SOMETHING?
HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE GENUINE GORE LEAKING THROUGH THE GREASE-PAINT.
YIPE! THERE'S A REAL BULLET HOLE THROUGH THE PAINTED PHONEY! BYRNE IS DEFUNCT! HE'S BEEN BUMPED OFF!!
ON THE SIDELINES, A PRETTY BRUNETTE BIT PLAYER NAMED DIXIE DALE SUDDENLY THROWS A WING-DING...
OH-H-H, NO-N-NO!
4


WE ELOPED TO LAS VEGAS ONLY LAST WEEK--WE WERE SECRETLY MARRIED--NOW I'M A WIDOW-!!
IS IT A GUILTY CONSCIENCE THAT MAKES SARA LEMOINE PROTEST HER INNOCENCE...?
SHERLOCK, I ONLY FIRED A BLANK CARTRIDGE AT HIM! HE WAS ALIVE AFTER I SHOT THE GUN! I DISLIKED HIM BUT I DIDN'T K-KILL HIM!
NOBODY'S ACCUSING YOU--YET.
LEO PREEN ALSO SEEMS WORRIED...
LOOK, GUMSHOE, I ADMIT I SAID SOMETHING ABOUT WISHING I COULD GIVE HIM A REAL HOLE IN THE HEAD - BUT ALL I DID WAS PAINT ONE ON HIM.
YEAH, JUST LIKE THE BULLS-EYE ON THE TARGET.
MEANING WHAT? ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF-
MEANING THE PAINTED WOUND MADE A PERFECT SPOT FOR A KILLER TO AIM AT - WITH A SILENCED GAT OR A HIGH-POWERED AIR GUN.
NOBODY'S GOING TO FRAME ME AS A KILLER'S ACCOMPLICE!
AWK!
OUCH! HEY, WATCH IT!


RED-HAIRED BONNIE LYNN, AN EXTRA, IS ANNOYED BY THE HASSLE...
GOSH, YOU NOT ONLY CLIPPED ME ON THE BEE-STING BUT YOU BUSTED DIXIE DALE'S PORTABLE RADIO!
WH-WHA-HUNH?
BEE-STING? WHERE DID A BEE STING YOU, BABY, AND WHEN?
RIGHT HERE, JUST A MOMENT AGO. AT LEAST, IT FELT LIKE A BEE, AND I HEARD IT BUZZ.
RECOVERING, TURNER UNLIMBERS HIS ROSCOE...
EVERYBODY FREEZE! PREEN, IF YOU LAM I'LL PLUG YOU. I'VE GOT A CLUE TO THIS KILLERY CAPER AND I'M GOING TO DO SOME MEASURING.
WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND, TURNER?
BORROWING THE CAMERAMAN'S TAPE MEASURE, TURNER PROJECTS A LINE...
BONNIE, YOU WERE RIGHT HERE WHEN YOU GOT STUNG, EH? BUT IT WASN'T A BEE. IT WAS A SILENT BULLET NIPPING YOU AS IT PASSED ON THIS LINE OF FLIGHT.
OOOH-H-H!
EXTENDING THE LINE, WE KNOW THE DEATH PILL MUST HAVE BEEN TRIGGERED FROM HERE—
6

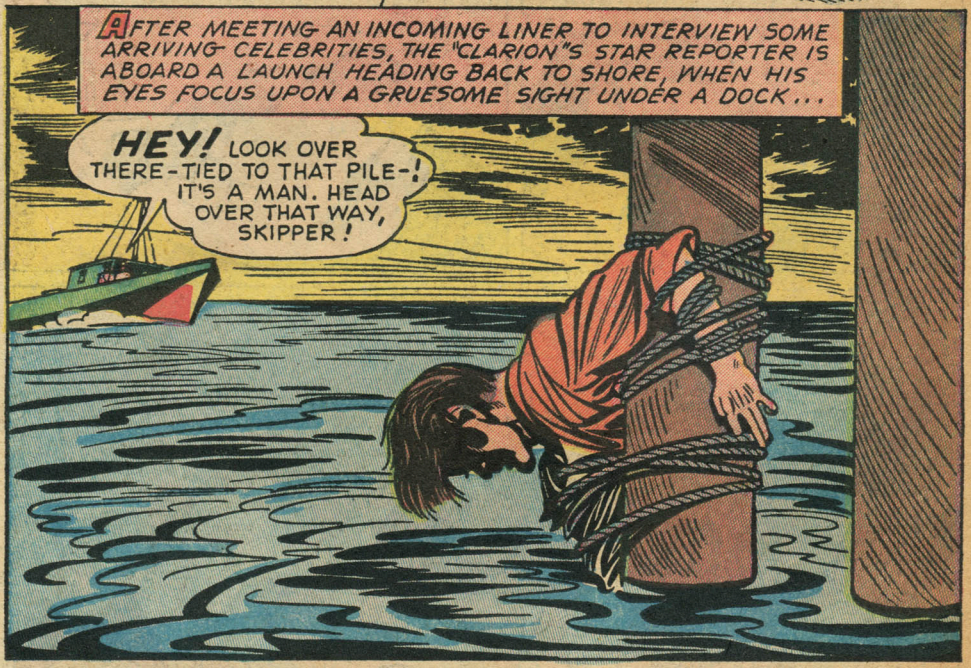

-AND HERE'S THE CROAKERY WEAPON, BEGOSH!
SUDDENLY, AN INTERRUPTION COMES OVER THE INTERCOM LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM...
ATTENTION, ALL STUDIO UNITS! IT IS OUR SAD DUTY TO ANNOUNCE THAT OUR LARGEST STOCKHOLDER, MR. MARVIN BYRNE, WHO HAS BEEN ILL FOR THREE WEEKS, DIED AT HIS HOME TWO HOURS AGO-
GEE, THAT WAS ED BYRNE'S UNCLE! NOW ED'S DEAD TOO!
AND THAT'S THE FINAL CLUE TO ED BYRNE'S BUMP-OFF! I'VE GOT THE WHOLE THING SOLVED!
DIRECTOR BILL BARLOWE SPEAKS UP ANGRILY...
NOW HOLD ON. I'LL ADMIT I WAS DISTANTLY RELATED TO ED BYRNE AND HIS UNCLE, BUT WE WERE ONLY FIFTH OR SIXTH COUSINS. IF YOU THINK I -
IX-NAY. YOU DIDN'T COOL ED FOR GAIN. YOU WEREN'T ANYWHERE NEAR THE SPOT THE COMPRESSED AIR PILL WAS FIRED FROM.
DIXIE DALE, I'M PINCHING YOU FOR BUMPING YOUR NEW BRIDEGROOM. YOU ELOPED WITH THE BYRNE HAMBO AND MARRIED HIM BECAUSE YOU KNEW HIS UNCLE WAS SICK-DYING-
NO-NO-PLEASE-!
WHAT'S THIS, TURNER?



LOOK FOR DAN TURNER NEXT ISSUE ...

RAY HALE NEWS ACE

in "HOT HIJACK" by Newt Alfred

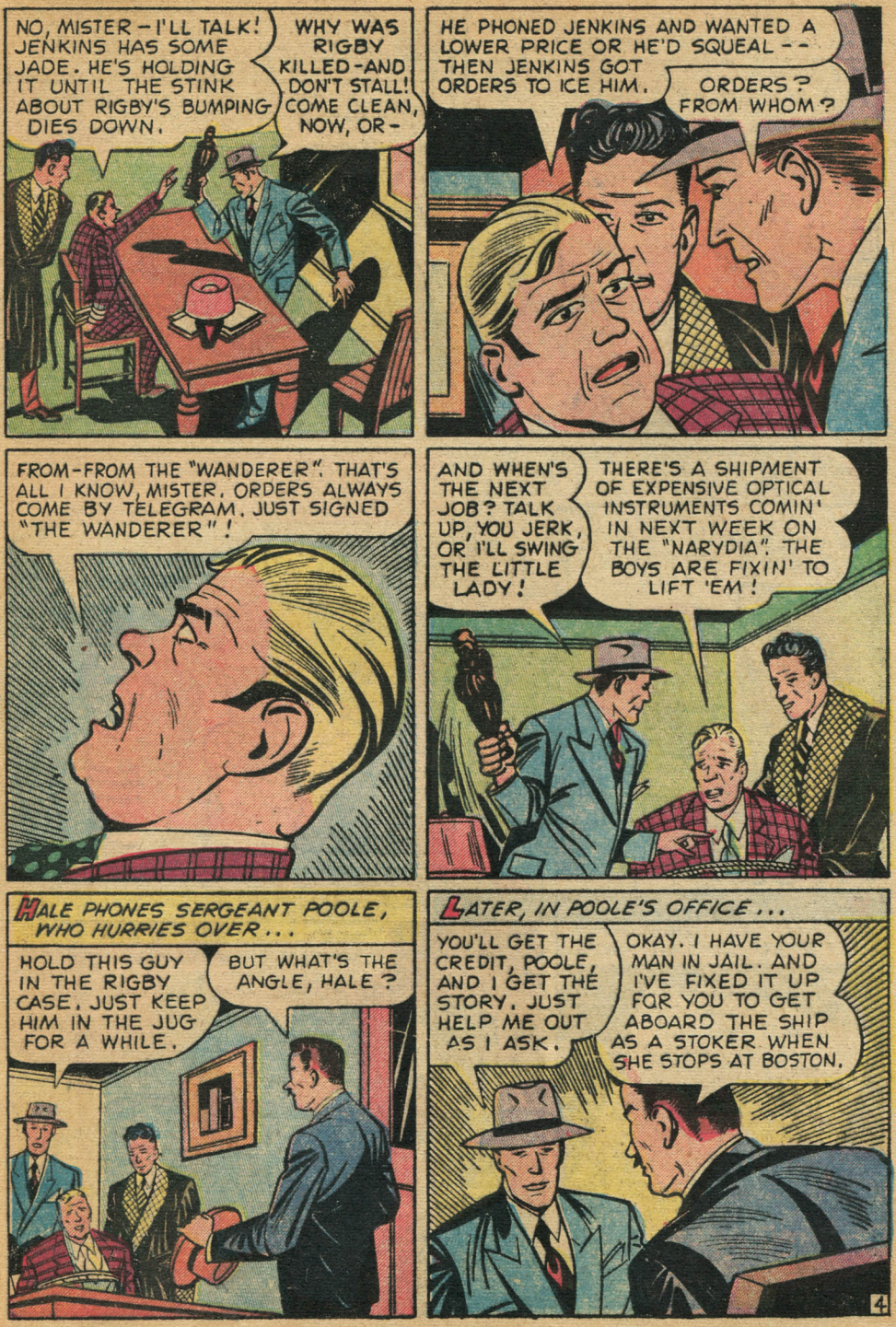




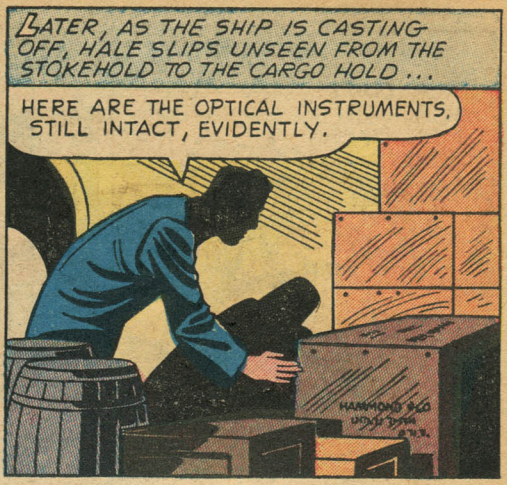



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
THE CORPSE IS HARVEY RIGBY, A DEALER IN JADE. SO FAR AS WE KNOW, HE WAS A SUBSTANTIAL MERCHANT, IN BUSINESS FOR YEARS.
TWO MONTHS AGO, A CONSIGNMENT OF SIMILAR MERCHANDISE WAS STOLEN FROM THE HOLD OF THE SS "BARDIA". IT COULD HAVE A CONNECTION.
LET'S CHECK ON IT.
HALE AND DETECTIVE SERGEANT POOLE CALL ON THE DEAD MAN'S SECRETARY...
MISS FORD, CAN YOU RECALL ANY RECENT DEALINGS OF YOUR LATE EMPLOYER THAT HAD TO DO WITH A CONSIGNMENT OF UNSET JADE FOR RINGS? PLEASE THINK HARD—
SHE GOES TO A FILING CABINET...
WHY, YES. ONLY TWO DAYS AGO, I TYPED A LETTER TO MARK JENKINS, AN IMPORTER IN THE DOME BUILDING, ACCEPTING A BOX OF ASSORTED, UNCARVED JADE. BUT IT WAS NOT DELIVERED.
PARTING FROM POOLE, HALE GOES TO CALL ON JENKINS...
NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY.
MARK JENKINS IMPORTER
MR. JENKINS? MY NAME IS CARROLL CASE. I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOME JADE FOR SALE. I AM A COLLECTOR—
NO, I HAVE NO JADE. I AM A BUSY MAN— GOOD DAY!
2

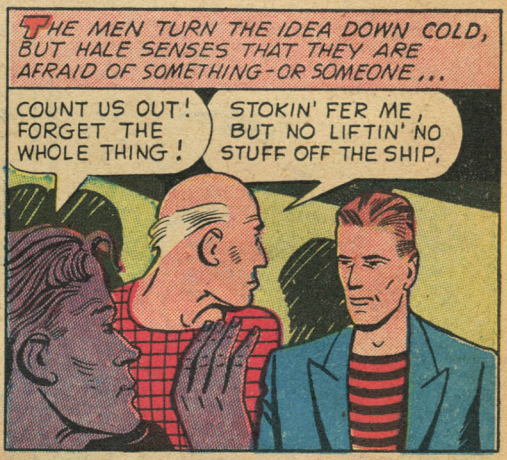

BUT AS SOON AS HALE LEAVES...
BUTCH, A TALL GUY WITH A GRAY HAT JUST LEFT HERE. SAYS HIS NAME'S CASE. CATCH UP WITH HIM AND FIX HIM. HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!
JUST LIKE YOU SAY, BOSS.
DUSK FALLS AS THE EX-PUG FOLLOWS RAY HALE ALONG EMPTYING STREETS, THE REPORTER BECOMES SUSPICIOUS...
HMM - IT SEEMS I HAVE A SHADOW! GLAD I'M NEAR MY APARTMENT -
HALE SLIPS INTO HIS DOORWAY AND WHEN THE TOUGH GUY FOLLOWS...
WHA-!
TURN RIGHT AND UP THE STEPS, PAL. AND BE QUICK! THIS ISN'T MY FINGER JABBING YOUR BACK!
TOM BARTON, WHO SHARES THE PLACE WITH HALE, IS FORTUNATELY HOME...
HI, RAY - WHO-?
'LO, TOM. WE HAVE A GUEST. GET SOME ROPE FOR MR. JENKINS' FRIEND.
YOUSE GUYS AIN'T GONNA FIND OUT NOTHIN' FROM ME!
HALE PICKS UP A BRONZE STATUETTE...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT.
PLAYING DUMB, EH? TOM, UNTIE ONE HAND AND HOLD IT ON THE TABLE.
THE NEXT ONE WILL BE CLOSER! TALK, OR YOU'LL HAVE NO FINGERS ON THAT HAND TOMORROW! HOW IS JENKINS MIXED UP IN RIGBY'S DEATH?
CRACK!
3


NO, MISTER – I'LL TALK! JENKINS HAS SOME JADE. HE'S HOLDING IT UNTIL THE STINK ABOUT RIGBY'S BUMPING DIES DOWN.
WHY WAS RIGBY KILLED – AND DON'T STALL! COME CLEAN, NOW, OR –
HE PHONED JENKINS AND WANTED A LOWER PRICE OR HE'D SQUEAL – – THEN JENKINS GOT ORDERS TO ICE HIM.
ORDERS? FROM WHOM?
FROM – FROM THE "WANDERER". THAT'S ALL I KNOW, MISTER. ORDERS ALWAYS COME BY TELEGRAM. JUST SIGNED "THE WANDERER"!
AND WHEN'S THE NEXT JOB? TALK UP, YOU JERK, OR I'LL SWING THE LITTLE LADY!
THERE'S A SHIPMENT OF EXPENSIVE OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS COMIN' IN NEXT WEEK ON THE "NARYDIA". THE BOYS ARE FIXIN' TO LIFT 'EM!
HALE PHONES SERGEANT POOLE, WHO HURRIES OVER...
HOLD THIS GUY IN THE RIGBY CASE. JUST KEEP HIM IN THE JUG FOR A WHILE.
BUT WHAT'S THE ANGLE, HALE?
LATER, IN POOLE'S OFFICE...
YOU'LL GET THE CREDIT, POOLE, AND I GET THE STORY. JUST HELP ME OUT AS I ASK.
OKAY. I HAVE YOUR MAN IN JAIL. AND I'VE FIXED IT UP FOR YOU TO GET ABOARD THE SHIP AS A STOKER WHEN SHE STOPS AT BOSTON.
4

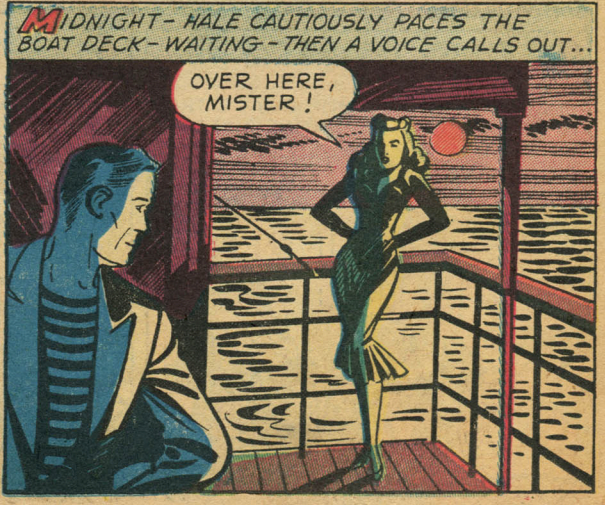

HALE FLIES TO BOSTON AND REPORTS ABOARD THE SS "NARYDIA"...
THE NEW STOKER, EH? GET BELOW AND JOIN THE REST OF THE SWABS.
AYE, SIR!


LATER, AS THE SHIP IS CASTING OFF, HALE SLIPS UNSEEN FROM THE STOKEHOLD TO THE CARGO HOLD...
HERE ARE THE OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS, STILL INTACT, EVIDENTLY.

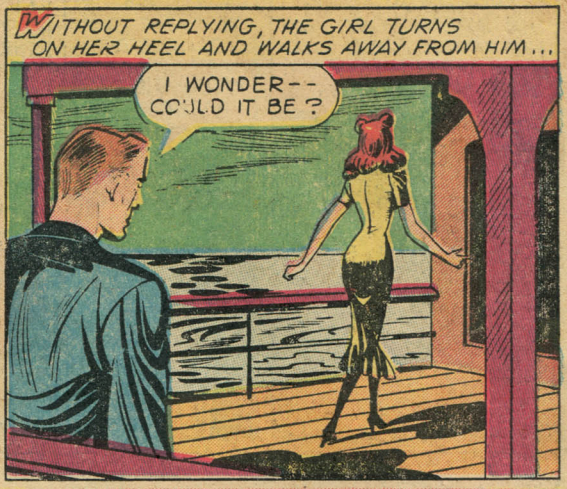

HALE SOUNDS OUT OTHER STOKERS TO GET THEIR REACTION TO THIEVERY...
HOW ABOUT IT, BOYS, WE COULD GRAB A BOX AND SELL IT FOR PLENTY.

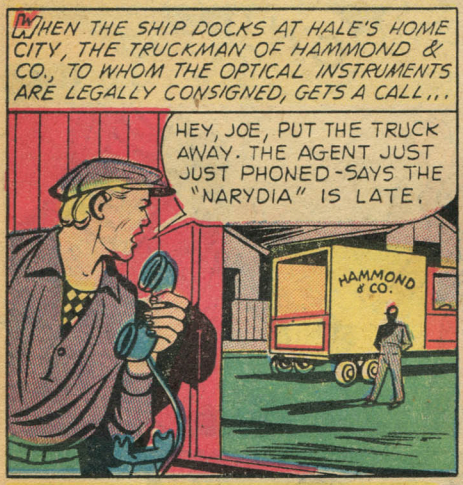

THE MEN TURN THE IDEA DOWN COLD, BUT HALE SENSES THAT THEY ARE AFRAID OF SOMETHING-OR SOMEONE...
COUNT US OUT! FORGET THE WHOLE THING!
STOKIN' FER ME, BUT NO LIFTIN' NO STUFF OFF THE SHIP.

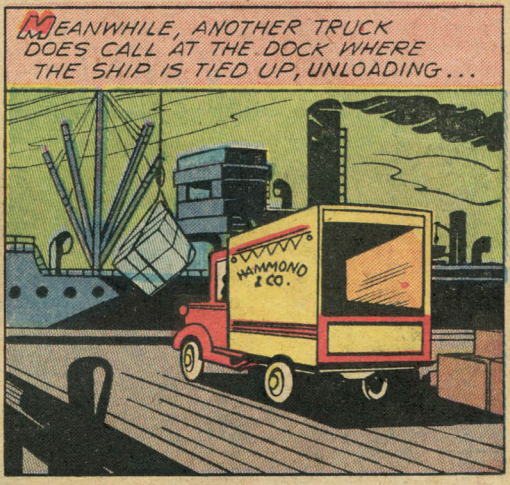

THAT NIGHT, WHEN HALE HAS FINISHED HIS WATCH, HE GOES TO HIS BUNK AND FINDS...
Be on the Boat-Deck at Midnight
5


MIDNIGHT- HALE CAUTIOUSLY PACES THE BOAT DECK- WAITING- THEN A VOICE CALLS OUT...
OVER HERE, MISTER!

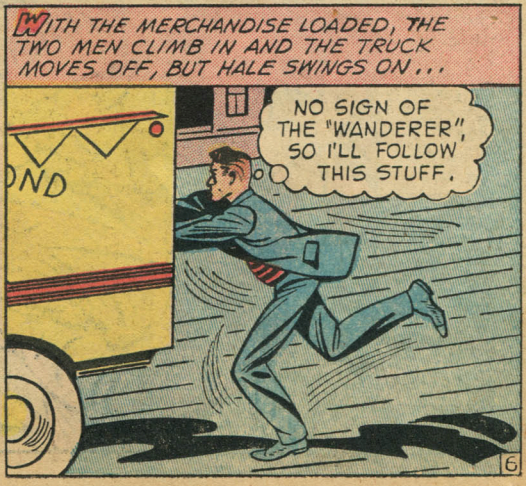

I HEAR YOU'RE THINKING IN TERMS OF OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS, STOKER. DON'T! THEY'RE NOT FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!
WHO ARE YOU? ARE YOU THE "WANDERER"?

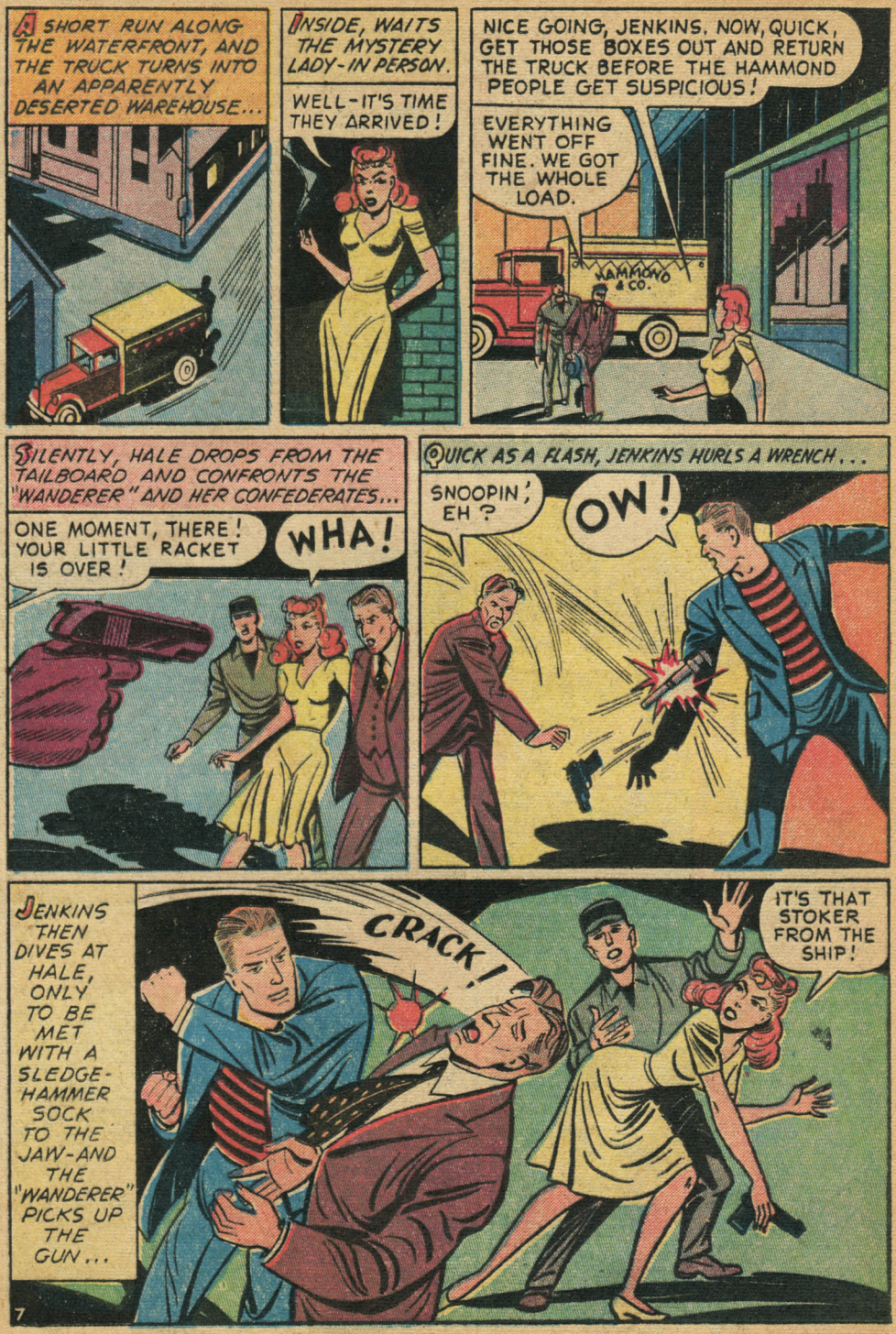

WITHOUT REPLYING, THE GIRL TURNS ON HER HEEL AND WALKS AWAY FROM HIM...
I WONDER--COULD IT BE?


WHEN THE SHIP DOCKS AT HALE'S HOME CITY, THE TRUCKMAN OF HAMMOND & CO., TO WHOM THE OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS ARE LEGALLY CONSIGNED, GETS A CALL...
HEY, JOE, PUT THE TRUCK AWAY. THE AGENT JUST JUST PHONED-SAYS THE "NARYDIA" IS LATE.
HAMMOND & CO.


MEANWHILE, ANOTHER TRUCK DOES CALL AT THE DOCK WHERE THE SHIP IS TIED UP, UNLOADING...
HAMMOND & CO.


HALE WATCHES THE BOXES BEING UNLOADED AND RECOGNIZES ONE OF THE MEN ON THE TRUCK...
SO THAT'S IT! JENKINS CALLS FOR THE STUFF-ALL NICE AND SMOOTH!
HAMMOND & CO.


WITH THE MERCHANDISE LOADED, THE TWO MEN CLIMB IN AND THE TRUCK MOVES OFF, BUT HALE SWINGS ON...
NO SIGN OF THE "WANDERER", SO I'LL FOLLOW THIS STUFF.


A SHORT RUN ALONG THE WATERFRONT, AND THE TRUCK TURNS INTO AN APPARENTLY DESERTED WAREHOUSE...
INSIDE, WAITS THE MYSTERY LADY-IN PERSON.
WELL-IT'S TIME THEY ARRIVED!
NICE GOING, JENKINS. NOW, QUICK, GET THOSE BOXES OUT AND RETURN THE TRUCK BEFORE THE HAMMOND PEOPLE GET SUSPICIOUS!
EVERYTHING WENT OFF FINE. WE GOT THE WHOLE LOAD.
HAMMOND & CO.
SILENTLY, HALE DROPS FROM THE TAILBOARD AND CONFRONTS THE "WANDERER" AND HER CONFEDERATES...
ONE MOMENT, THERE! YOUR LITTLE RACKET IS OVER!
WHA!
QUICK AS A FLASH, JENKINS HURLS A WRENCH...
SNOOPIN', EH?
OW!
JENKINS THEN DIVES AT HALE, ONLY TO BE MET WITH A SLEDGE-HAMMER SOCK TO THE JAW-AND THE "WANDERER" PICKS UP THE GUN...
CRACK!
IT'S THAT STOKER FROM THE SHIP!


IN THE NICK OF TIME, HALE TURNS AND KNOCKS THE GUN FROM THE HAND OF THE FURIOUS GIRL...
SLAP!
BANG
AROUND THE CORNER, A POLICEMAN HEARS THE SUDDEN SHOT...
WHAT'S THAT?
THE SHE-TIGER CLAWS AT HALE AS HER HELPER RAISES A CLUB...
SORRY, BABE, BUT I'VE GOT TO REDUCE THE OPPOSITION - AND PUT AN END TO YOUR "WANDERING"!
THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, PAL. IT'S HIGH TIME YOU CROOKS GOT WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HALE - OF THE "CLARION"! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I'LL SEND SERGEANT POOLE TO TAKE THIS MOB IN. HE JUST SOLVED THE RIGBY CASE. MEANWHILE I'VE GOT TO GET MY STORY IN.
8
HALE'S NEW ASSIGNMENT IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...

TRUMPET OF DOOM

By ANDREW J. COLLINS

JOHNNY AMES pushed the big door open, walked into the darkened pawnshop and looked around for Papa Newman. He felt a little ashamed. He didn't have any money, and he did need his horn. He had just gotten a job with Bunny Baxter's orchestra.

He'd explain to Papa Newman. The kindly old man was always ready to surrender a musical instrument if its owner needed it for work. "You got a job, I give you the horn." Papa Newman often used to say. "You hock your teeth, your watch or something like that, you pay. But the band instrument—that, you gotta have!" There wasn't a musician in town who didn't know Papa Newman.

The visitor scanned the dim interior. Papa Newman was not in sight, yet a small fortune in band instruments was hanging around the store on every available hook. The rear door was open. Maybe the old man had stepped out to get some change.

Johnny leaned against the scarred counter and looked among the glittering instruments for his own. He saw it hanging, almost hidden in a cluster of similar horns. He walked to the end of the counter, reached up and took it down.

Turning around, he found Papa Newman.

The old man was sprawled behind the counter. There was an ugly bruise on the top of his bald head, from which blood had trickled onto the floor. A heavy iron paperweight lay near the body. The force of the blow must have snapped off one of the victim's shirt buttons, which gleamed on the floor, a foot away. Johnny went close and reached out a shaking hand. Gingerly, he touched the scalp. It was clammy cold. Papa Newman was dead.

Johnny got out of there in a hurry. He was three blocks away before he realized that he still had his trumpet in his hands. He felt glad about that. With the trumpet he had a job, without it, he was unemployed. He ducked into a lunch-room and ordered a cup of coffee. He sat at the counter shivering. He had come close to violent death for the first time in his life.

THE Classy Club was a glitter joint only a few blocks below Papa Newman's pawnshop. It was filling up with dinner customers. Some of the musicians were already on hand. Bunny Baxter, the leader, was talking to Ed Garvey, the small, beady-eyed owner of the club. They'd probably been to the race track again today, Johnny decided. They both looked unhappy.

Baxter spoke to the newcomer. "Hello! You all set?"

Johnny nodded assent and Baxter grinned as his long fingers adjusted his tie, moulding the knot to his satisfaction.

"You get your horn out of hock?"

A thrill of fear shot through Johnny. He'd have to admit that he'd been to Papa Newman's. He'd told Bunny that the horn was in hock when the leader had offered him the job. Ed Garvey, too, was watching him closely. Johnny knew that both of them, as well as all of Bunny's musicians, practically lived on Papa Newman. They were all horse players and when they had a bad day, Papa Newman would loan them money to get along.

Dully, he said, "Yeah, I got the horn."

Promptly at eight, the crew assembled on the bandstand. Johnny arranged his music and sat back, waiting for the signal to begin. He glanced around the dim table section and his gaze rested upon a young woman seated alone near the dance floor. There seemed to be stars in her eyes as she intently watched the bandstand. Her abundant brown hair fell in soft waves to her shoulders. She wore a pale blue frock and the soft lights made her red lips glisten.

"Nice, huh?" grunted the trombone player behind Johnny. "Her name is Elaine Perry and her old man has almost two million bucks. She's nuts about Baxter . . . the little fool!"

Johnny said, "You mean she's Bunny's girl friend?"

"That's right. She's from out of town. He met her when we were playing a cross-country tour. She's here now, visiting her aunt."

They started working a few minutes later. Johnny saw that he'd been written in for several solo choruses. He took his first spot and the sharp, clear tones of his horn filled the room. He finished, and the applause roared all around him. He came close to taking a bow, but it didn't work out like that. Bunny Baxter was holding his gleaming trumpet in his hands and bowing to the audience. Johnny wondered if he was going off the beam. He had played that chorus, but Bunny took the bows. The trombone player dug him in the ribs with his thumb.

"That's dandy! You do the work; he takes the credit."

Later, they took an intermission and the juke boxes went into action. The musicians gathered at Elaine Perry's table, while Bunny Baxter was busy with Ed Garvey. The girl was having a grand time, since most of the boys in the band knew her. She smiled up at Johnny.

"You're new, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yeah," he said. "Just started tonight. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Of course! I heard you play. It was wonderful!"

Johnny felt good about that. Bunny might have fooled most of the customers, but he hadn't fooled Elaine Perry. Then he saw the bandleader coming toward them. He was fixing his tie again. When he reached the table, Baxter shot his cuff and glanced at an expensive watch on his left wrist.

"Do you like your birthday present?" Elaine asked.

"I should," Baxter laughed. "You probably paid a fortune for it."

Johnny looked at the watch. He could understand. There were twin diamonds on either side of the face. Johnny wished that he had a girl friend who would buy him a platinum watch, with diamonds.

Baxter walked back to the stand with him and Johnny sourly resumed his seat. He realized abruptly that he had never seen Baxter's watch before. Maybe he only wore it for his girl friend's benefit. He sat back with his trumpet in his hands and felt himself filled with hate for Bunny Baxter.

THE band had just finished the first tune when the cops came. There were two of them. Johnny shivered as he watched them talking to Baxter. The bandleader went away with the detectives and the musicians got down off the stand. Johnny went back to Elaine Perry, who flashed him a smile and waved him to a seat.

In a few minutes, Baxter came to the table. He glared at Johnny. "The cops want to see you. They're in Ed's office."

Johnny was shaking like a leaf as he started toward Ed Garvey's office. Bunny Baxter followed him. Inside, the detectives had taken off their coats, and the one with the cigar was behind the desk. He looked up as Johnny entered.

He said, "You're John Ames?"

Johnny nodded.

"I'm Lieutenant George Frost, out of Central Homicide. You knew Papa Newman?" The detective's attitude was friendly and disarming.

"Sure he knows him," Bunny Baxter put in. "We all know him. He's a great old guy."

The detective pointed his question at Johnny. "Did you see Papa Newman today?"

Panic stilled Johnny's tongue and a terrible silence grew in the room. Bunny Baxter said, "Sure, he saw him today."

Johnny licked his dry lips and tried to think of something to say. Ed Garvey said it for him.

"I heard him tell Bunny he didn't have a horn when Bunny offered him the job this morning. He said he'd hocked it with Papa Newman."

Johnny faltered, "I went down there this afternoon and got my horn. Papa Newman was lying on the floor—dead."

"See anything else?" Lieutenant Frost queried mildly.

"The back door was open. At first I didn't see him and I thought he might have gone out for change. I knew he'd let me have my trumpet anyway, when I told him I had a job, so I went behind the counter and got it. That's when I saw him."

The detective's voice was flat. "You didn't kill him, I suppose?"

Johnny shook his head. "Why would I want to kill him? He'd have given me my horn without trouble." He paused and thought about what he'd said. Things suddenly began to fall into place in his mind.

"I think this guy killed him," Ed Garvey said. "His story's screwy."

"I think so too," the other detective snapped. He stood up, got out his handcuffs and started toward Johnny. But Johnny didn't wait to be taken. Turning swiftly, he made a dive for the door, but he never made it. Bunny Baxter stuck a foot in front of him and Johnny sprawled on his face. Lieutenant Frost collared the hapless musician and spoke to the others.

"The rest of you had better come down to Headquarters and we'll take your statements."

There was a police car outside. The two detectives sat on either side of Johnny in the rear seat. A uniformed driver got the car under way and they drove to Headquarters in silence. Ed Garvey and Bunny Baxter arrived a few minutes later and Elaine Perry was with them.

LIEUTENANT FROST sat down behind his desk in the brightly lighted office. His partner stayed beside the chair where Johnny Ames was slumped.

"Maybe you're wondering why we picked on the Classy Club to start our investigation of this killing," the detective said. Then he held something up for everybody to see. It was a match book cover with the name of the Classy Club printed all over it. "When we found Papa Newman, he had this clutched in his fingers."

Garvey, his little eyes sharp now, said, "Anybody could have gotten that. We give them away by the hundreds."

Frost laughed mirthlessly. "We're interested in just that one. We figure the killer laid it in the ashtray without thinking, because it was empty." He paused. "We also have a shirt button."

"Well, you've got the killer," said Bunny Baxter petulantly. "You don't need us here. I've got to get back to the club. The band's waiting for me."

"You won't be going back to the band!" Johnny shouted, springing up from his chair. "You killed Papa Newman. You killed him just before I got there, and when you saw me show up with my horn, you thought I'd be the perfect fall guy. That's why you've been so anxious to help the cops."

"You're crazy!" Baxter snapped.

"We'll see," Johnny continued. "You knew Elaine would be in the club tonight, and you'd better be wearing the watch she'd given you for a present. *But the watch was in hock!* You went and argued with Papa Newman, but he wouldn't give the watch back without money. And since the races have been running, neither you nor Ed Garvey have had a dime."

Johnny watched Baxter's face grow white and desperation fill his eyes.

"Papa Newman would give a musician his instrument if the man was broke and had to have it for a job. But he wouldn't give you your watch. You had to have it tonight, so you hit him and killed him. Then you found your watch in the safe and ran out the back door.

"I've been watching you all evening," Johnny continued. "Every few minutes you'd tighten and adjust your tie. You were trying to keep your collar closed, because when you hit Papa Newman you snapped the button off. All the police have to do is match the button they found with the others on your shirt."

"Why, you lousy two-bit punk!" Baxter snarled as he leaped for the door. He had it open and was just going through as Johnny grabbed him. The two fell to the floor in a threshing heap and Johnny got in one good shot at Baxter's jaw.

The cops pulled Johnny away and handcuffed Baxter.

"You want to talk?" demanded Lieutenant Frost as he slammed the bandleader into a chair. He held a white button in his palm, eyeing Baxter's open collar.

"There's nothing for me to say," said Baxter, glumly. "The punk said it all. I had to have the watch and the old fool wouldn't give it to me." He paused, with terrible hate in his eyes. "I'll kill that no-good punk!" he raged. Frost's partner yanked him out of the chair and took him, still fuming, upstairs to a cell.

"Well, I've got to get back to the club," Ed Garvey said, and went out.

Elaine Perry got to her feet and stood looking at Johnny. There was a soft light shining in her eyes.

"Johnny," she said gently, "would you like to take me home?"

Johnny's face broke into a grin. "Indeed I would!"

GAIL FORD, GIRL FRIDAY

in

"BLOOD ON THE KNIFE"

INSPECTOR MADSON OF THE POLICE FORCE OF A LARGE CITY, HAS A PRETTY AND SMART SECRETARY WHOM HE CALLS HIS "GIRL FRIDAY". ONE DAY, SHE COMES INTO HIS PRIVATE OFFICE TO ANNOUNCE AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR...














WHEN GAIL AND HER BOSS ARE ALONE . . .
ISN'T BATES THAT COPPER MILLIONAIRE WHO RETIRED A FEW YEARS AGO?
YES-AND SIX MONTHS AGO, HE MARRIED A DIZZY BLONDE THIRTY YEARS YOUNGER THAN HE-THE OLD FOOL!
THAT NIGHT, ON HER WAY HOME, GAIL PASSES THE BATES MANSION . . .
THAT'S CERTAINLY AN IMPOSING --
OH-OH! WHO'S THAT?
SHE DUCKS BEHIND A WALL AS SHE SEES A MAN CLIMB OUT OF A SECOND STOREY WINDOW AND DOWN A TREE...
THAT'S NO WAY FOR A VISITOR TO LEAVE. SOMETHING IS UP, FOR SURE!
AS THE MAN PASSES HER, GAIL GETS A GOOD LOOK AT HIS FACE . . .
I'LL RECOGNIZE HIM IF I EVER SEE HIM AGAIN.
WHEN GAIL REACHES HOME, SHE GETS A FLASH DIRECT FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
ATTENTION! DANIEL BATES WAS FOUND STABBED TO DEATH AT 9.20 TONIGHT IN HIS HOME ON OVERLOOK AVENUE . . . MORE LATER--
KNOWING THAT THE INSPECTOR WOULD BE AT THE MURDER MANSION, GAIL JOINS HIM THERE . . .
HELLO, INSPECTOR. ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?
I DON'T KNOW YET. HAVE YOU SEEN THE CORPSE? COME, HAVE A LOOK-
SO THIS IS RICH OLD BATES--I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE. I-I--SAY-INSPECTOR!!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, GAIL?
2


EXCEPT FOR THE DIFFERENCE IN AGE, HE'S THE IMAGE OF A YOUNG MAN I SAW LEAVING THIS HOUSE BY THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW ABOUT AN HOUR AGO!
THAT'S AN IMPORTANT CLUE, GAIL.
INSPECTOR MADSON CALLS HIS DEPARTMENT . . .
DIG UP EVERYTHING ON DANIEL BATES' PAST — MAKE IT SNAPPY!
GAIL TALKS TO MRS. BATES...
I REALIZE HOW UPSET YOU ARE.
OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'M ALL DISTRAUGHT!
LITTLE DID I KNOW MY MARRIED LIFE WOULD END SO SOON, AND SO TRAGICALLY! WE WERE SO HAPPY! WHEN I CAME INTO THE ROOM AND FOUND HIM ... OH, I CAN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT! POOR DANIEL, I KNEW HIS PAST SINS WOULD CATCH UP WITH HIM ...
I WONDER WHAT SHE MEANT BY "HIS PAST SINS". ANYWAY, MYRTLE BATES WILL HAVE FIVE MILLION BUCKS TO CONSOLE HER IN HER WIDOWHOOD --
BOO-HOO! BOO-- HOO-HOO-!!
NEXT MORNING, AT HEADQUARTERS...
WE'VE FOUND OUT THAT OLD BATES HAD A SON, BUT NEVER WOULD ACKNOWLEDGE HIM. THE YOUNG FELLOW CAME TO TOWN RECENTLY, BUT HIS FATHER REFUSED TO SEE HIM.
THE SON PROBABLY CLIMBED IN, KILLED HIS OLD MAN DURING A QUARREL, THEN SCRAMMED.
THE COPS FIND THE ROOMING HOUSE WHERE THE SON, GERALD BATES, STAYED — BUT WHEN THEY GET THERE . . .
HE TOOK THE ROOM FOR THE WEEK, OFFICER, BUT HE'S NOT IN JUST NOW.
NO, AND HE ISN'T COMING BACK, EITHER.
ROOMS
3


THE COPS TAB GERALD BATES AT THE RAILROAD STATION, AND MOVE IN . . .
THERE HE IS, NOW—
TICKETS
BUT BATES, LEAVING HIS VALISE, DUCKS BETWEEN TWO CARS, AND AN APPROACHING TRAIN INTERCEPTS THE POLICE . . .
LOOK OUT, MURPHY! HERE COMES A TRAIN!
DANG IT! THE GUY GOT AWAY AFTER ALL. LET'S LOOK AFTER THAT VALISE—
THE POLICE THROW OUT A DRAGNET, AND LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN . . .
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, BATES. YOU WON'T GIVE US THE SLIP THIS TIME.
OKAY, COPPERS, I'LL GO QUIETLY.
INSPECTOR MADSON CONFRONTS THE SON . . .
I DIDN'T KILL MY FATHER, I TELL YOU! SURE, I SAW HIM TONIGHT, BUT WHEN I LEFT HIM, HE WAS OKAY.
THEN WHY WERE YOU RUNNING AWAY? THAT LOOKS LIKE A CONFESSION OF GUILT.
BECAUSE I HEARD OF DAD'S MURDER OVER THE RADIO. I WAS AFRAID—I'VE BEEN AFRAID, NEGLECTED AND SHUNNED ALL MY LIFE. I ONLY WANTED SOME MONEY. I DIDN'T KILL HIM—I SWEAR!
4
IN ANOTHER ROOM, GAIL LOOKS OVER THE VALISE GERALD BATES HAD LEFT . .
HOPE THE INSPECTOR DOESN'T CATCH ME. AH, HERE'S AN INTERESTING CLUE. IT GIVES ME AN IDEA—
GAIL HURRIES OVER TO THE SCENE OF THE MURDER . . .
HELLO, PAT, CAN I GO UPSTAIRS?
SURE, MISS FORD. WE'RE ON DUTY TO KEEP THE CURIOUS CROWD OUT.


WHERE'S MRS. BATES?
SHE'S BEEN CALLED DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS.
GAIL MINUTELY SEARCHES MRS. BATES' BEDROOM...
HMM - SURE GLAD I CAME OVER HERE -
THEN SHE HOPS A CAB TO THE SON'S ROOMING HOUSE...
210 OAK STREET, CABBY - AND HURRY!
AT HEADQUARTERS, THE WIDOW ACCUSES THE SON...
YOU'VE ALWAYS HATED YOUR FATHER! YOU WERE ALWAYS PESTERING HIM. FINALLY YOU SNEAKED INTO THE HOUSE AND HAD YOUR REVENGE BY KILLING HIM. YOU WILL BURN FOR THIS!!
BUT, MYRTLE-
DON'T "MYRTLE" ME, YOU MURDERER! I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE, BUT POOR DANIEL TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU.
YOU THREATENED HIM WITH SCURRILOUS NOTES, HOPING TO SCARE HIM INTO GIVING YOU A BIG SLICE OF HIS MONEY, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK!
BUT I DIDN'T! I NEVER SENT ANY NOTES.
DON'T FORGET, YOUNG MAN, THAT THE MURDER KNIFE BEARS YOUR FINGERPRINTS. YOU CAN'T DENY THAT.
I ADMIT IT'S MY KNIFE AND IT HAS MY PRINTS, BUT IT WAS STOLEN FROM MY ROOM.
5

GAIL, WHO HAS QUIETLY COME IN, NOW SPEAKS UP...

CAN I HAVE THE FLOOR, BOSS? I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU ALL.

MAKE IT SNAPPY, GAIL. THIS IS IMPORTANT AND WE MUST NOT BE INTERRUPTED.

MY INTERRUPTION IS GOING TO BREAK THIS CASE, INSPECTOR. SORRY TO HOLD OUT ON YOU SO LONG, BUT I WANTED TO WORK OUT THE SOLUTION MYSELF.

WELL?

MRS. BATES SAYS SHE DID NOT KNOW THE SON - WELL, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH. LET THEM DENY THAT THEY'RE THE TWO PEOPLE IN THE PICTURE.

THEY KNEW EACH OTHER, ALL RIGHT - AND VERY LOVEY DOVEY, TOO. I FOUND THE SNAPSHOT IN HIS VALISE.

ALL RIGHT. SO WE KNEW EACH OTHER. THAT'S NOTHING. HE STILL SENT THOSE NOTES AND KILLED MY HUSBAND.

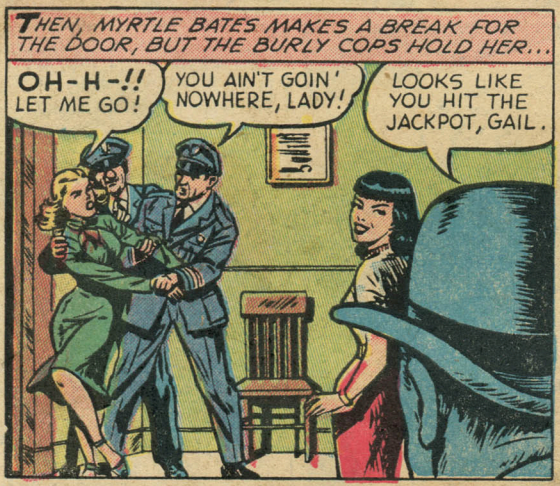
YOU PLANTED THOSE NOTES YOURSELF, MRS. BATES!

YES, GAIL, BUT THE PHOTO STILL DOESN'T PROVE -

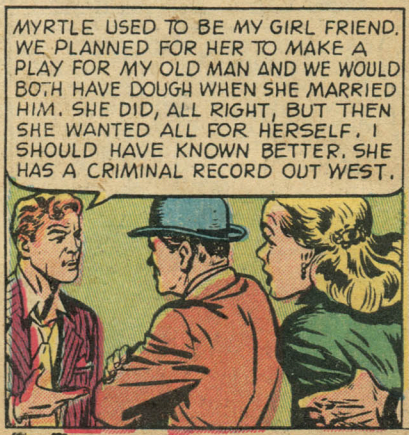
OH YES IT DOES, BOSS. THE PHOTO PROVES EVERYTHING. I TALKED TO GERALD BATES' LANDLADY. I FOUND THAT HE HAD A VISITOR WHO WAITED IN HIS ROOM WHILE HE WAS OUT ONLY TWO DAYS AGO. SHE IDENTIFIED THE VISITOR AS THE WOMAN IN THIS SNAPSHOT!















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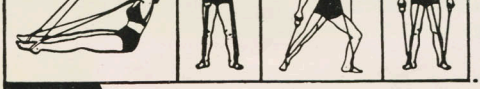
Why let the other fellow walk away with the job . . . and girl that should be yours? Life's prizes go to the smart man who keeps himself in "prize" physical condition. It's easy with the marvellous, new 'MINI-GYM'. For with this new wonder exerciser, you can . . .

Get A Real Kick Out Of Keeping Fit

Man alive, you haven't really lived 'til you get your eager hands (Yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's beat-all exerciser, the unique, new 'MINI-GYM'! Even though you hated exercise before, with superb 'MINI-GYM' and Joe Bonomo's big, new *personal* instruction book . . . you'll eat it up! Find yourself acting like a kid again . . . and loving it!

See How Fast 'MINI-GYM' Helps Get You Into A-1 Shape!

You bet, almost before you know it, a daily 10 minutes with 'MINI-GYM' builds you into the kind of real "he man" material bosses want most . . . and girls go for fastest! Can't help but be, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an *all-round, all-over* body conditioner . . . meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU! Toning, strengthening and pepping up *every* muscle in your *whole* body!



'MINI-GYM'S' Perfected By The Famous JOE BONOMO!

World-famous, professional strong man himself, Joe Bonomo knows what it takes to build the physically perfect man! (Yes, and woman, too!) And he's put all his first-hand knowledge into the design of this terrific, new exerciser! So in 'MINI-GYM' you've got *everything* it takes for genuine, *professional* body-building!

Great For Women, Too! Builds Pep, Personality!

Though 'MINI-GYM' is plenty tough for the professional athlete, it's *easy* enough to be handled . . . and enjoyed . . . by any teen-age girl or small woman. How come? Because Joe Bonomo designed 'MINI-GYM' for girls and women, too! Especially those who want to develop real pep, alluring curves and a super gorgeous figure! No wonder gals everywhere go for 'MINI-GYM' in a big, BIG way!

SEND NO MONEY! MAIL "NO RISK" COUPON NOW!

Order Your 'MINI-GYM' by MODEL S, M or L.

MODEL S
☐ if you are under 5 ft. tall

MODEL M
☐ if you are 5 ft. to 5 ft. 10 in. tall

MODEL L
☐ if you are over 5 ft. 10 in. tall.

'MINI-GYM' CORP. Dept. WCA
1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

RUSH ME one complete 'MINI-GYM', MODEL _____ with 64-page Joe Bonomo Course Book. I will deposit $3.95, plus postage, with postman. If I am not satisfied in *every* way, I may return 'MINI-GYM' and Book within 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____
Print Plainly Please

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

I enclose $3.95. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee. (Canadian and Foreign Orders, $4.95. Cash with orders.)

WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY!

YOUR MONEY BACK QUICK IF YOU CAN BUY FOR LESS ELSEWHERE



The Champion
Super Special Quality—a sure winner! Amazing! Real massive, manly! Solid Gold Color effect. Big pseudo Diamond in centre flanked by 2 others **4.95**



The Ritz
Large 1 Karat Stone—real sparkle! Very low priced for quick sales. Refined, impressive, smooth. Men—get this handsome ring now! Bargain! **1.98**



Commando "5"
5 big, impressive Pseudo Diamonds of fiery brilliancy. Extra-heavy weight, natural Gold color, with **$750.00** appearance. Manly! Commands respect! **3.95**

SHOCK

RESIST WATCH FOR ACTIVE MEN



BANG IT! DROP IT! THROW IT!

NOW 7.97

The special, patented **PROTEKT-O-BALANCE** feature every active man and boy has waited for. Now you can **DROP IT, BANG IT, HIT IT** and never worry. **UNLIMITED GUARANTEE EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS**—You never pay one red cent for skilled labor costs! Accurate Swiss jewel movement! Red Sweep Second Hand! Numerals glow at night. Rich looking silver color case. Unbreakable crystal. Modern design! **Supply limited due to international crisis.** Get yours **NOW** while you can. Special price **7.97**



Double Cluster
Enchanting ring for smart ladies. 20 small Pseudo Diamonds imported from Europe are hand set in twin clusters. Very feminine . . . dainty . . . refined! Only . . **2.94**



Loyale Wedding Set
10 glistening brilliants to resemble **diamonds** featured in **Loyale** Wedding Ring set. Gorgeous gold color . . . fashionable! Compare! **Both rings 2.94**



Royal Peacock
15 Rhinestones in blazing rainbow hues: **Ruby**-red, **Emerald**-green, **Sapphire**-blue and **Diamond**-white colors. Exquisitely designed, so dainty! **1.98**

"ETERNAL LOVE"

Engagement and Wedding Ring Set



Something special and very pretty! Imagine—12 sparkling Pseudo **Diamonds**, imported from Europe, set in a gorgeous Engagement and Wedding Ring Set! . . . **NATURAL GOLD** color, exquisite design. Your price for both—**4.89.** Yet they look like $750.00 and more! They sparkle a thousand rays of light! Enjoy a **LIFETIME!**

TRY AT OUR RISK!

You can't lose a penny. Try this gorgeous ETERNAL LOVE set at our risk. If not satisfied, we will return the price at once. Don't delay. Order a set today. Don't lose this opportunity. Remember—**BOTH** rings are yours for only **4.89.** MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

"THE ELDORADO"

Men's Distinctive Watch



"ELDORADO"—the watch for active men—last word in smart styling! Sparkling Pseudo Diamonds and Rubies set around the dial. Solid Gold color effect, chromed back. Unbreakable crystal. Luminous hands. Large sweep-Second hand. Rugged case, built to take the "goff" Imported Swiss movement gives dependable service. **UNLIMITED GUARANTEE EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS**—never a penny for skilled labor cost! Formerly **24.95.** Special **SALE PRICE,** only **9.99**—not a penny more. **10 DAY FREE TRIAL.** Your money back quick if not delighted. **RUSH COUPON NOW!**

NOW 9.99



Genuine DIAMOND Locket
TERRIFIC VALUE! While they last, you can have this glamorous **DIAMOND LOCKET** at an unbelievably low price! Rich, solid gold color effect, gorgeous design. Has special frames inside for two photographs of loved ones! Complete with chain, yours for **2.95**



Starlight FASHION Earrings
18 dazzling brilliants made to look like precious diamonds. They sparkle with a 1000 rays of light at parties, winning attention and admiration. Stylish starlight design, fabulous Hollywood appearance. Add glamour to your ensemble! Satisfaction guaranteed or money back! Only **1.69**

FREE

10 DAY TRIAL AT HOME

Pictures and words can't do justice to the wonderful quality of our merchandise. So we allow you **10 whole days** to see, try, enjoy any article—**right in your own home**—without risk! **FULL PRICE BACK GUARANTEE** if not thrilled! Write desired articles in coupon and rush at once! Pay price, plus postage, on delivery. Enjoy 10 days at **OUR** risk! **It pays to deal with this reliable company.**



CUT HAIR AT HOME
Complete 3-piece outfit for cutting hair at home. Set includes: **Hair Clippers, Tapered Barber Comb and Scissors,** and easy directions. Saves time and money for the whole family. Special low price for **3 pieces,** all for **2.90**



TINY NITE LAMP
Less than 4 inches tall! Has own powerful battery current—no plug-in needed. Press switch to light. Ideal for nursery, bedroom and during storms. Beautiful, jewel-like appearance. Complete with dainty shade and tiny bulb. **98c**

Men's INITIAL Ring



Your own **INITIAL** in Raised Gold Color effect firmly set on a **BLOOD-RED** stone. Flanked by 2 sparkling pseudo **DIAMONDS** imported from Europe. Ring made in 14 Karat Rolled Gold plate very fashionably designed, rich in appearance.

WEAR IT WITH PRIDE!

Enjoy a lifetime . . . it's so handsomely masculine . . . so distinctive! Mention letter desired and send strip of paper for size. Bargain price **2.97**

2.97

AMAZING WEATHER "ROSE"



Place near window—see color changes like magic! **RED allegedly indicates rain, storms; BLUE**—**fair and sunny; PURPLE**—**changes coming!** Amazes everyone! Beautiful, decorative Flower pot given. **98c**

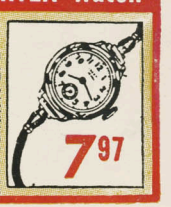
2 IN 1 CASE & CIGARET LIGHTER



Slip your **whole pack** into this sleek, handsome, combination case and built-in, **Sure-Flame Lighter.** No more fumbling around for cigarettes or matches! **Bargain** price **1.94**

Ladies' SPORTEX Watch

Special!



A sturdy, accurate watch with special jewel movement. Ideal for active women and girls, nurses, teachers, sportswomen, typists, housewives, etc. Case is dainty yet so sturdy! Has luminous hands and numbers for night reading. So feminine and petite, yet so accurate too! **10-Day MONEY BACK Guarantee** and conditional **free service** certificate. Bargain price **7.98**

7.97

Tear out and mail this COUPON

ROCKET WHOLESALE CO., Dept. 107A

131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please rush the articles below. I will deposit price shown with mailman on arrival, plus postage. I will use and enjoy them for 10 days. Anytime I am not satisfied, you will return my money. (We prepay postage on cash orders).

NAME OF ARTICLE DESIRED	PRICE

NAME (Please print) _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ **STATE** _____

PLEASE! Send ring sizes on thin strip of paper wrapped around finger.

BIG, POWERFUL SUPER FIELD GLASS

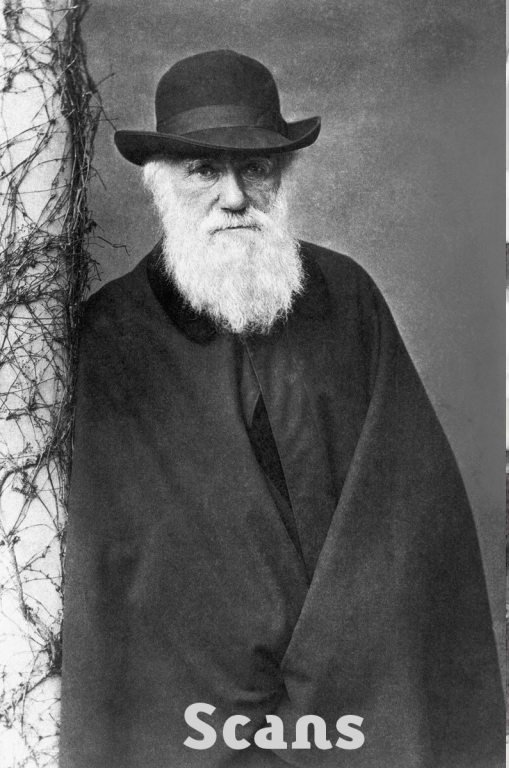


NOW you can own and enjoy Rocket's most **POWERFUL** and very **BEST FIELD GLASS** at a special **LOW PRICE!** Well made of rugged metals and has specially ground magnification lenses. Such **TERRIFIC POWER** you won't believe your eyes! Get an intimate view of nature . . . the sky at night . . . the birds, mountains, etc.

GO PLACES AND SEE THINGS!

Get a close-up of that neck-to-neck finish at the races, the flashing uppercut of the boxer, the quick pass down the football field, seashore scenes, etc. See what your neighbors are doing without being seen!

Special SALE price, only 2.94


Scans


Edits